

Canibus Lyrics

"Wreck Room"

[Verse 1 - Crooked I:]

Look, how many beats I gotta put in the casket
Before you understand instrumentals get their ass kicked?
I'm that sick, I'm a backwards cased basket
I'm a basket case, nigga, irate bastard
And I'm strapped, bitch, a ball hog in the hood
So don't talk to me about that ghetto pass shit
This nigga's past it, my clique is massive
And fuck spittin' acid if I haven't written classics
Steady reppin' the West, while Cali rappers say that's played out
You niggas' based out
Type of niggas we leave laid out
Throwin' up a dub, stompin' your face out
That's for the life that you ain't 'bout
You niggas' marks like Zuckerberg and Sanchez
Listenin' to every fuckin' word that a fan says
I think you boys' soft
I think a real fan wanna hear that real shit, if not, turn my voice off
It's Crooked

[Hook:]

You are now consumed by the dark side
So welcome to the belly of the beast
All my niggas eat MC's up for lunchtime
And we'll never be ready for the peace
This is for all y'all bitch-ass snitch niggas
That front and always tellin' the police
Ain't no place in this world you can run or hide
To escape the belly of the beast

[Verse 2 - Flawless the MC:]

Call me Spartacus, In this art I'm just a martyr, plus
I hit hard as a car crash with a charter bus
Y'all just anonymous, don't even try to start a fuss
Because I'm large enough to step down, crushin' you all to dust
Flaw's the illest and I put that on my daughters cause
I'm hungry, like the effect I get that marijuana does
In this game, you'll be [?]
So even with Stan Lee fightin' Marvin Hagler, you couldn't marvel us
I'm flippin' off everyone who scoffed at my shit and tock
Cause I'm a time bomb with a tickin' clock, and the shit just stopped
So if I'm pissed or I'm blowin' up like a blistered pop
It's just hip-hop is infested with [?]
So you can go on and kick up rocks
I'll bet it all, you couldn't set it off with fireworks hooked to Vivica Fox
See when I hitch I'll split your knot
Cause I'm fucked up and cold like I eat Dippin' Dots topped with a liquor shot

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Nino Graye:]

Spit my flows like I'm walkin' around with the Alzheimers
I ain't worried 'bout these small-time rhymers, who?
No imagery and no substance, gimmicky
Young and seein' victories like witnessing Christopher Reeves runnin'
They'll never take number one, these suckers silicone titties
They just look good fakin' and frontin'
They ain't been strugglin', hustlin', pockets with nearly nothin' in 'em
Fuckin' sick and tired, prayin' somethin' was gonna finally give in
Spit 'caine, every 16, raw is on display
They'll stick veins, pick up a CD, put it on and hit play
I'm a think tank, you know what this means, stay out my [?] way
We shot callin', blockin' your entry, nickname Dikembe
'Bout that time, we drawin' the fuckin' line
Bullshit stops here and y'all on the other side
Nino Graye one of the elite, almighty brotherhood
Midwest royalty, just so we all understood

[Hook]

[Verse 4 - Canibus:]

Zuckerberg, I heard you're a sucker for words
Plus you're a perv, the facts just emerged
Sensitive data denial
Get shot on YouTube or go viral, so how did they find you?
Concussion after confession, gold fever, old school westerns
In any group, I'm the loneliest member
Thoroughbred stallion, Jamaican, mountain music
They named him, 'til they cut his legs off and framed him
Step into that digital vortex
The scorned vet judged by generations that ain't even born yet
Read faster than most talk
Write slower than the aardvark walks and squints with the card sharks
A room full of mad professors who study language forensics
Interdependent on phonetic directions
Quick draw, aggressive, really am I on the offensive?
I'm just a Marlboro man from Memphis
Surrounded by firewalls, strong defenses
On Mars with ice cubes and Natasha Henstridge
Canibus

[Hook]